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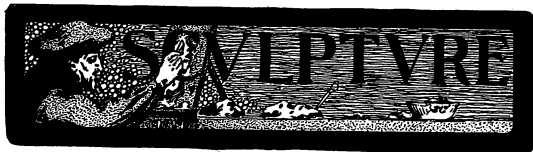
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THE NEW PARK BOARD RULES.

"Be sure you are off with the old love, before you are on with the new," is an old proverb of numerous applications; let us, if we can, see if it does not point a moral in the controversy now being waged through various sorts of papers, as to the present and the future of the public statuary and commemorative monuments in the City of New York.

Supposing for the moment that it be decided to remove and ignominiously dump some of the structures now existing. It will be interesting to know who shall be the judges and the moving spirits in the selection of the bronze victims. Shall it be the gentlemen of the Sculpture Society? The present incumbent of the President's office is directly connected with five of the chief examples of monumental sculpture in this city. The first of these in point of time and probably by general consent in point of excellence as well, is the equestrian Washington in Union Square. To be sure Mr. Ward's connection with this work was a subordinate one, but nevertheless it may fairly be reckoned as a factor in his career. The others are the Washington in Wall street, the Conklin in Madison Square, the Dodge in Herald Square, and the Indian Hunter in Central Park. If now Mr. Ward is to sit in judgment on his own creations, whose guarantee is there that he will be wiser to-day than he was when these works were executed? To be sure one's taste improves and ripens with age, but the essential quality of a painter or a sculptor does not alter. No one can successfully deny that Mr. Ward has always been the conscientious and painstaking artist. It is fair to assume that he utilized these qualities in the various works, which have been mentioned. If he should now disparage some of the results at the expense of others it would be simply to admit that the Goddess of Chance has been more kind on some occasions than others. But this is no new discovery; it is to be expected, and must be admitted that no artist who has produced several important things is at his happiest and highest level in every one of them.

If Mr. Ward is not called upon to judge his own works, who then shall it be? Shall it be younger sculptors, fresher from the schools, fuller of the modern feeling into which they have been born? This would be nothing less than presumption on their part. Can they be more earnest, more sincere in their art, can they be surer in their judgment than was their predecessor in the last generation? It does not seem reasonable. There is another tribunal, the municipal art commission, which might be called upon to exercise its judgment. Its members are men of high standing, but it is to be feared that they are not proof against considerations of political, of social or of professional origin. At any rate the incident of the Heine's fountain does not promise greatly for the success of this tribunal.

It is said to be very much easier to convert a man from the evil of his ways by filling his soul with new aspirations, and activities than by attempting to enter into the dark cave of his misdeeds to clean and empty it. This would seem a safe principle to follow in the case of the proposed removals. If those who are interested in these subjects, know so much better than the artists and benefactors of past times, what should have been done instead of what really was done, it seems only reasonable to impute to them equally prescience, as to embellishment of new sites and the treatment of now unoccupied places. This is serious and earnest work, far beyond any vague airy dreams of impossible Palisades. Such things are not demanded by the spirit of the times, and most of all they betray in their purpose the lack of appreciation of that quality of "fitness," which is one phase of perfect beauty. And here, it seems very clear, is laid bare the secret which is at the bottom of the whole matter, namely the willingness of those who pass as artists to betray art for the sake of the 30,000 pieces of silver, which they may thereby obtain for themselves. They are not satisfied to be artists, but wish to be merchants as well, and their success is to often gauged by bank standards. It is the old struggle over again between the ins and the outs. The former are naturally conservative, the latter are always radicals seeking to overturn the established condition of things that thereby a new order shall arise, they being its chief priests.

There is another consideration, which may be briefly alluded to, namely that of all the public monuments in the Borough of Manhattan at least, but one has been, so far as the knowledge of the writer goes, selected and paid for with the city's funds, that one being the Worth monument at Twenty-fifth street and Broadway. This pile has been named in some of the articles on the subject, as one which ought to go. But it has, it seems to me, claims of the strongest kind to be retained. It marked an epoch in national history, which meant as much to the people of the time as Gettysburg or San Juan to their successors.

Its qualities of design and of execution are by no means to be despised. They are characteristic of the day, and moreover as they have been so long a part of the topography of the city they would be certainly missed by many resident New Yorkers, as well as returning visitors.

That matter of house-cleaning in any of the city's art galleries should be considered at all is of course an encouraging symptom of interest, but that there is any serious probability of ruthless hands consigning to the garret these relics of former generation, if you please, is much to be questioned, and very doubtful. Certainly to most right-minded persons it is very unnecessary, and extremely disrespectful to the spirit of our progenitors.

SEEDOUR LE YUSEE.

The exchanges in their April numbers offer an unusual supply of good articles on art topics.

In the *Art Interchange* Mr. Rupert Hughes, best known for his musical writings, devotes an appreciative article to that clever maker of figurines, Mrs. Clio Hinton Huneker.

The *Century* offers a recension on the Sculptor French, from the pen of William A. Coffin, which is illustrated with half-tones after some of this sculptor's best work.

The *Studio* and *The Magazine of Art* both lead off with articles on John Ruskin. The *Studio* adds thereto the second part of "The Art of John S. Sargent, R. A." in which the author, A. L. Baldry, subtly indicates how Sargent is allied in his art to Velasquez, while yet intensely individual.

Brush and Pencil contains an excellently written biographical *causerie* on Charles Herbert Woodbury and his work, by William Howe Downes, the art editor of the *Boston Transcript*.

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Mr. Dikran G. Kelekian, the antiquarian and importer of Oriental art objects, has been honored by the Shah of Persia with the decoration of The Lion and The Sun, in recognition of his services to Persian art.

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In Brussels there will be held from May to September a memorial exhibition of the works of the Flemish painters Van Eyck and Bernard Van Orley, in the manner of the Rembrandt Exhibition at Amsterdam, the Cranach at Dresden, and the Van Dyck at Antwerp.

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The following editorial, appearing in the *New York Journal*, is so true and within the limits of the art forum, that I take pleasure in quoting:

"A contemporary compares the prices obtained for rare books with the much higher prices obtained for great pictures, and asks: 'Why should a canvas at its best and rarest be valued higher than the printed page at its best and rarest?' And it answers its own question by saying:

"The picture makes an appeal to the universal intelligence. Everybody can understand it, 'A painting,' it has been pointed out, is never an entire blank to the least intelligent observer who may see 'as in a glass darkly,' yet discerns enough for thought, however vague, and for pleasure, however indefinite. As Dryden sings:

The poets are confined to narrow space,
To speak the language of their native place;
The painter widely stretches his command,
The pencil speaks the tongue of every land."

"This misses the real point in a most surprising way. The reason why a First Folio of Shakespeare can be bought for \$5400, while the Sistine Madonna of Raphael is valued at \$750,000, is not that Raphael appeals more to the common man than Shakespeare does. A hundred men can enjoy Shakespeare for one that can see any beauty in 'old masters.' It is simply that a First Folio of Shakespeare is merely a curiosity, while the Sistine Madonna contains a part of the very soul of Raphael, which exists in that one picture and nowhere else.

"Shakespeare's soul is in his words, and it shines just as clearly in the ten-millionth copy as in the first. You can get more literary enjoyment from a well-edited modern edition of Shakespeare, which can be had for a dollar, than you can from spelling out the First Folio. But you cannot get the artistic enjoyment from a chromo or a photograph of the Sistine Madonna that you could get from the original painting.

"If there were only one copy of 'Hamlet' in existence, and it were absolutely impossible ever to make another, we should see whether Shakespeare could not match Raphael in the market."

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At the annual meeting of the Society of American Artists the following officers were elected: John La Farge, President; Kenyon Cox, Vice-President; Samuel Isham, Treasurer; Bruce Crane, Secretary, and Edwin H. Blashfield, member of the Board of Control. Louis Loeb was elected to membership in the society.

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Frederick E. Church, for fifty years a landscape painter, whose "Niagara Falls" now hangs in Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington, died on the 7th of April, aged seventy-four years.

His art concerned itself much with the grander aspects of nature. "The Heart of the Andes," "The Iceberg," "Cotopaxi," now in the Lenox Library; "The Horseshoe Falls," now owned in Edinburgh, were some of his most noted productions. He was the oldest member but one of the National Academy of Design.